

48

THE GENEVA Ballad

To the Tune of 48.

* *Splamouth*
a Presby-
terian Parson.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* or *Flemish Wheels*,
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears Pretences out at heels,
Like *Splamouth* * with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd perhaps
By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And if occasion serves, can whine;
Nay, he can bellow, bray and bark.
Was ever *sike a Beuk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark?

To draw in Profelytes like Bees,
With *Pleasing Twang* he tones his Prose,
He gives his Handkerchief a squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* through his Nose.
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-stocken Similitudes*.
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to Bleed,
And *Treason* had a fine new name;
When *Thames* was *balderdash'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did with Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This Gospel-come first appear'd.

Soon his unhallowed Fingers strip'd
His Sovereign Liege of Power and Land,
And having smote his Master, flip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oftentimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his fury than
Out weigh'd Queen *Mary's* many grains;
His very Preaching slew more Men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-star Zeal* and Lungs like *Boares*,
He fought and taught; and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him Glorious.

Yet drew for King and Parliament,
As if the Wind could stand North-South;
Broke *Moses's* Law with blest intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his Mouth.
Oblivion alters not his case,
Nor Clemency not Acts of Grace
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in swarms,
He bauls aloud, *Sirs, leave your Sins*,
But Whispers, *Boys, Stand to your Arms*;
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Holloo my Hearts, beware of R O M E.
Cowards that are affraid to die
Thus make domestick Broils at home:
How quietly Great ANNE might Reig
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the M
And preach down Popory it Spain?

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Dissention in the Sky:
And can there be a mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in hives
But worse were Children play with knives

I would as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my praise to Thee and Thou;
Let the Pope ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests Milk me like a Cow;
As buckle to *Smeſymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good old Cause,
That have Doves Plumes, but Vulturs Claws

For 'twas the Holy Kirk thar nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Vesture first
Was Oaded in a Northern Blue,
And what's the Enthusiastick breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdoling's* Creed,
But Covenanters run up to feed?

Yet they all cry, they love the Queen,
And make boast of their Innocence:
There cannot be so vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with pretence.
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear
No Subject like th' *Cavlier*,
No Traitor like *Jack Presbyter*

F I N I S.